THE TRAINING SCHOOL BULLETIN

VOLUME 40 DECEMBER, 1943 NUMBER 8

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THE
TRAINING SCHOOL BULLETIN

DECEMBER, 1943

1943 — CHRISTMAS — 1943

As the Wise Men of the East were drawn by the Star of Wonder to the litte town of Bethlehem, when Christ was born, so does the light in the eyes of our children draw our hearts to the spirit of this day. Their faith gives us new faith.

What a wonderful time is Christmas time—holy, happy, joyful, filled with mystery and anticipation. What a wonderful thing it is to live in this little world of ours with peace, harmony, understanding and appreciation. What wonderful years have been ours with love and helpfulness, guiding our activities, so that even in the little things of life we may still continue to strive to do them in His spirit. His name has given us Christmas and in His name everything is made possible.

At this season we are seeing again the greatest miracle of all—the miracle of the growth and influence and continuation of Christianity. Beginning with the foretelling of His coming by the prophet, beginning with the Babe in the manger, beginning in the glory of the Wise Men's homage, beginning even in the shadow of the castle of Herod; once again the great miracle has happened.

Let us then be thankful for Him. At His behest let us be thankful for our friends, for those who move among us and let us not defer nor neglect any opportunity to give and to wish a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

If you can take on the spirit of childhood, if you can welcome Santa Claus on Christmas Eve, if you can hear the voices of angels when the band plays at break of day, if you can laugh and sing with the children when they are getting their presents, if you can go thru this wonderful week with a song in your heart and faith in your soul, you will know the true meaning of Christmas—of Merry Christmas. You will understand the song of the angels and you can join with Tiny Tim in saying "God Bless Everyone."

—J.

In the Beginning *

HENRY H. GODDARD, PH.D.

It is exactly fifty years since G. Stanley Hall lectured at the Maine State Teachers' Association in Lewiston. In the course of his talk he said, "I spent yesterday in an idiot asylum." At least one listener wondered why. He had never heard of an idiot asylum although he had seen idiots. Twelve years later, that same listener was invited to go to an asylum for idiots and start a laboratory for the psychological study of mentally defective children.

When he accepted this call to leave his position as psychologist in a famous normal school to go to an idiot asylum, many of his friends wondered why — and some did not. September 1, 1906 found him at the Training School at Vineland and *he* was wondering why he had accepted the position. He had discovered that if he did not know how to make psychological studies of idiots, apparently nobody else did, either. S.O.S. calls to his friends among the psychologists, asking for suggestions and especially literature, brought almost no response. It can be safely stated that at that date, psychologists knew very little about idiots or idiocy. There was some suspicion of *imbeciles*, but *morons* had not been invented.

The beginnings of Binet's famous work had been published in French the year before, but the psychologist had taken no particular note of it and no one mentioned the reference.

There were two oases in this desert. The first was the work of Dr. A. R. T. Wylie. The late Dr. Arthur C. Rogers was superintendent at the institution for the feebleminded at Faribault, Minnesota. He conceived the idea of having psychological studies made of the feebleminded, and brought Wylie

* We feel that this article should appear among The Training School publications and have permission to use it through the courtesy of The Massachusetts Society for Mental Hygiene.—Ed.

to the institution for that purpose. Several valuable articles were published in the psychological journals, but they received little attention. Psychologists were not interested.

The other oasis was the work of Will S. Monroe, professor of psychology in the Normal Schools of Westfield, Massachusetts and Montclair, New Jersey. So far as can be learned, Monroe was the first man to give regular lectures on the feebleminded in any institution of learning in the United States.

This, then, was the situation in 1906. Even G. Stanley Hall, in response to the request for help, replied only with the suggestion that idiots might be studied for the beginnings of language; that a record should be kept of their attempts at vocalization, their grunts and groans, and sounds intelligible and otherwise. His visit to the idiot asylum in 1893 he had found "'wonderfully suggestive," but apparently had never found time to act upon the suggestions.

In the spring of 1908, the writer of this sketch betook himself to Europe, to discover what ideas he could, and to bring them back to America. At Brussels he met Ovide Decroly, one of the greatest educators of modern times, who was demonstrating, in the school which he had had the courage to open, the real value of what is now being recognized as the soundest theory of education. The friendship then begun ended only with his death in 1932.

It was Dr. Decroly who called attention to the article of Binet in the 1905 volume of *l'Annee phychologique.* Dr. Decroly had made a test of the Binet scale as it was in 1905 and had written an article on the subject, a copy of which he gave to his guest.

By the following spring, Binet's second article had appeared in *l'Annee phychologique* for 1908. It has always been easy for the writer to be tolerant of the critics of the Binet tests because when he first read the 1908 article, he laid it aside with the mental comment that there was nothing in it because it was "impossible to measure intelligence in any such way." During the past twenty-five years we have become more familiar with that refrain than anything in print except the Star Spangled Banner.

He soon had a change of mind just as he has seen the same change come over *most* of the other critics. The writer quickly

realized that he was in no position to pass judgment upon this instrument. He was studying the feebleminded; he was looking for some way to determine with some accuracy their degree of deficiency; here was a psychologist of world-wide reputation, who offered this plan and claimed that it had at least some value. It was not good sense to throw it aside because one reading of it was not convincing.

Following that second thought, the article was re-read, translated into English, tried out on all the inmates of the institution, and the results published under the title "Four Hundred Feebleminded Children Tested by the Binet Scale." Then the fun began. Hundreds of people had the same reaction already described and *some of them never got over it.* One psychologist wrote a hasty criticism for a small journal and had it reprinted and scattered broadcast to all the educators in two or three states. Apparently the Binet scale was dangerous. At any rate, it is reported that a certain young statistician, now a banker of some prominence, and a certain professor of psychology spent time and money to dam the flow of this heresy which had originated in Paris and was being perpetuated in Vineland, New Jersey.

But the criticisms were splendid advertising and the tests grew in popularity daily. They had great effect upon the work in the schools for backward and retarded children. Wherever tried, the tests were found to have value. As Dr. Walter E. Fernald said, with that fairness and breadth of view for which he was famed, "So far as our feebleminded children are concerned, perhaps the tests do not tell us anything we did not know before but they tell us in an hour what otherwise it takes us six months or a year to find out; and they tell us more accurately and consistently."

Classes for backward children in the public schools had already been started but had never been taken up enthusiastically. About this time New York appointed a special supervisor of this work and greatly increased the number of classes. Boston soon followed suit and other cities followed. In Boston, Dr. Arthur Jelly was made the examiner to decide what children should be put into these classes. He was a kindly physician, of high culture, and a delightful friend. We always had a friendly discussion over the question of what type of child should be placed in a special class. Dr. Jelly would not con-

sider the worst children. He said they were institution cases. They did not belong in a special class and he would not put them there. He would put in only those who were a little slow and backward but who could make progress in a special class and might possibly get back into the regular grades.

I argued that the special class was on trial, that the plan needed friends, and that those friends must come first of all from the teachers. The way to make friends with the teachers and to make them appreciate the special class was to relieve them of their lowest grade and most troublesome cases; that no matter how many dull children you might take out, the teacher would not be interested in the plan if you left in her room the imbecile or the moron. He replied that he was thinking of the teacher and that no teacher could long survive the terribly discouraging task of working with imbecile children. To this my answer was: "That depends upon what you require of the teacher. If it is expected that she shall bring these children up to grade, you *are* asking the impossible and the effect will be as you suggest. But if it is recognized that these *are* hopeless cases and you say to the teacher, 'We do not expect you to do much with these children, just keep them comfortable and happy; that is all that is required,' then the teachers of those classes will enjoy life as much as any teachers." That has been fully demonstrated in institutions for such children.

I do not know that he ever accepted my point of view, but it made no difference for we were always fast friends. I think his plan did work better than I had expected because he was more successful than we were in New Jersey in getting the lowest-grade cases placed in institutions.

In 1909 the American Association for the Study of the Feebleminded at their meeting at Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin, appointed a committee on classification. They had found that they were using the terms *idiot, imbecile,* and *feebleminded* indiscriminately, oftentimes synonymously. "Feebleminded" was used both as a generic term and specifically for the high-grade. In consequence, much confusion and ambiguity entered into our writings and our discussions. That committee consisted of Dr. Walter E. Fernald, Chairman, the writer, and I believe one other. When we arrived at Lincoln, Illinois, the place of meet-

ing the next year, it was found that Dr. Fernald could not be there. The third member was also absent, leaving the writer as the only one present.

When the Secretary found that no report was forthcoming, he asked the writer to prepare one and present it the following day. The report was really little more than a revival of the classification that Dr. Barr had made years before, but made rather exact by bringing to it the Binet Measuring Scale for Intelligence. Accordingly, we proposed to classify as *idiot* one who had a mentality from nothing to two years; *imbecile,* one with a mentality from three to seven inclusive; and we thought to call the high-grade group, from eight to twelve, *feebleminded.* But it was quickly realized that "feebleminded" was a generic term and the official name of practically every state institution for defectives in the country. Clearly that situation could not be easily changed. We were compelled to leave "feebleminded" as the generic term covering the entire group and seek a new term for this highest grade group.

As a matter of fact, we had been making just such a search at Vineland for some time without any regard to this particular report. Various names had been suggested for this high-grade group, such as "deviates," or "almosts," and other equally queer-sounding terms. I had suggested the word "moron" (from the Greek "moros" meaning foolish), but nobody took it seriously and nothing had been done about it. However, when this report was called for, I decided to put it in and let the Association decide.

The Meeting was not quite sure about the report but someone moved that it be adopted tentatively. It was carried unanimously. So far as I know, no other action has ever been taken by the Association but the classification has practically become the standard classification of the feebleminded.

Judge Cavanaugh of Chicago has published a small book in which he states that the term "moron" was first suggested by a psychiatrist in Chicago. In a personal letter to the writer, answering an inquiry for the name of the publication in which the psychiatrist had proposed the term, and a statement that it had been generally accepted that the term was first proposed in this report at the Lincoln meeting, Judge Cavanaugh replied that he did not think his friend had ever published anything

on this subject — he was too busy for that, but he was very sure that his friend had been at the Lincoln meeting!

I think there is no question but that the American Association for the Study of the Feebleminded first used and published the term.

As a result, I presume, of the free advertising which the Binet Scale got from its critics, Vineland received many visits in those days. One of the most enjoyable that I recall was from Dr. William Healy, who had just been asked to establish a children's clinic in connection with the Juvenile Court of Chicago. It was here that he began that career which has given him an international reputation and not only made him the greatest child clinician in connection with delinquency in the world, but has done more to bring about rational treatment of the juvenile delinquent than all other agencies put together. He has, of course, been ably assisted by his co-director of the Judge Baker Foundation, Dr. Augusta F. Bronner.

Long before we got the Binet test, we were using at Vineland a formboard, of which I said at the time and am willing to repeat, that one test with the formboard would give me more information about a child than anything else that I could do in an equal length of time. This board is sometimes called the *Vineland* formboard, sometimes the *Seguin* formboard. I have always insisted that it ought to be called the *Norsworthy* formboard. The formboard idea belongs to Seguin, without doubt, because he used formboards of various types and made sets of them for more than one of our American institutions when he was visiting in the different places. But *this particular formboard was planned by Dr. Norsworthy* for a study that she was making of feeblemindedness. At Vineland we made a slight modification, but in no way enough to warrant its being called the Vineland formboard. Dr. Norsworthy had used the hexagon and the octagon for two of the ten blocks. These forms, with the circle, produced an undesirable combination. In order to make the board so that no block could be put into any hole except the one where it belonged, it was necessary to make the circle, the hexagon, and the octagon fit so tightly that it made the difficulty of placing those blocks in the right hole out of all proportion to that of the other blocks. Accordingly we substituted a cross for the hexagon, and a five-pointed star for the

octagon. I mention this because although Dr. Norsworthy has long since passed away, it is quite worth while to remember her in this way as one of the early students of the psychology of feeblemindedness.

In the early '90's, at such meetings as the one referred to earlier in this article, it was common to hear educators, particularly superintendents, urge the teachers to work hard to advance all pupils at least a grade a year. They were told that anyone could teach the bright child but that the real test of a teacher was whether she could bring up to grade *every* child in her room — even the dullest. If she was not doing this she must study the harder, burn more midnight oil, devise new methods for accomplishing that result.

One of the greatest joys that I got from the Vineland experience was a knowledge which enabled me to say to teachers, "Do not burn the midnight oil, do *not* worry about these children that you cannot bring up to grade. They are feebleminded and *no one* can bring them up to grade." With that, of course, goes the great blessing to the children. To those of us who remember how those unfortunate slow pupils were tormented and tortured in the attempt to make them attain to heights that they could never reach, the modern special class for the backward child is a veritable heaven. It not only makes the child and the teacher happy, but the child actually accomplishes vastly more than he ever did under the old system.

One cannot look back without wanting to look forward also. I look forward to the time when any person engaged in any form of instruction or training of childhood will know all that is to be known about child nature; when every child will be allowed to do all that his capacity will permit and when no child will be expected to do more; when our schools will be graded, not on standing height, or even chronological age, but on mental capacity. I look forward to the time when truant officers will be a thing of the past, when nobody but the health officer will be able to keep a child out of school because the schools will be such happy places that the children will want to be there all the time; and the school work will be so valuable in making children useful and happy while they are at home and such good citizens after they grow up, that no adult will ever think of keeping a child out of school, even for a day.

It is true, some people think that is a dangerous doctrine. But they do not understand what we mean by happiness. We mean the true, permanent happiness that comes from feeling that one is of some use in the world, not the flighty, unsubstantial thing sometimes called happiness but which is only a time-killer, a sort of forlorn hope, an attempt to escape greater misery.

Happiness first, all else follows.

Sixty-Eighth Annual Convention

American Association on Mental Deficiency

BELLEVUE-STRATFORD HOTEL

Philadelphia, Pa.

MAY 11 - 15 - 1944

At Christmas Time

E. R. Johnstone

The Training School at Vineland New Jersey

If you should ask most people how they would like to spend Christmas in an institution, they would probably say "No, thank you!" with the accent on every word, and yet I can think of no happier place at Christmas time than in a good institution for children.

Christmas is the time for childhood. It is crowded with mysteries. It is filled with kindly rush and hustle. It is crowned with love.

When the three Wise Men made their long solitary quest, following the guiding star, it was to find a child at the end of their journey. When Zachariah listened, trembling, to the voice of the apparition, in the inner temple; it was of a child the angel spoke. When the affrighted shepherds beheld the great light in the sky; the song and the words that calmed their fears was of a child, a lowly child, born in a manger.

Yes, Christmas is indeed the children's time. And when one enters the doors of an institution devoted to those whose minds remain childish even though the bodies may grow up, there he may find the Christmas spirit at its best.

It is hard to tell just what part of the Christmas festivities gives the greatest happiness. From the day in November that the Superintendent speaks of it in the course of his Sunday talk, until the falling of the curtain at the close of the Christmas entertainment, it is in the air. Almost daily there are quesions to be answered. "Is it time to write our letters to Santa Claus?" "Am I going to be in the Christmas play?" "May I go out for the Christmas greens?" "Will Santa come in an airship or with his reindeer?" So they go until the slowest mind catches the spirit, and having it, passes it on to someone else.

The brighter boys and girls are most eager about the play in the earlier days. Everyone wants to take part and perhaps no honor is more coveted than to have one of the "particular" parts.

If the play is selected, it must be re-written around the children who take part. If it is written here, the lines must be adapted to the abilities of the children.

As the parts are assigned, joy spreads, until all who can take part have been chosen.

Then come the rehearsals and sometimes it is so hard to get one's part just right. Over and over the words and the action must be tried. But somehow patience holds out, the path becomes easier and at last group rehearsals begin. To learn one's piece and say it alone is one thing. To make it fit smoothly into the whole play requires much more skill. And now all of the drilling, class exercises, playing in harmony in the band and even following the rules of the game on the playfield or in the kindergarten circle show their value. For this is a big new game. Each must have a turn and fit it harmoniously into the whole. Finally comes the dress rehearsal.

Costumes are donned, and lo, what a transformation! Each one knows how *he* looks in costume, but now he sees everyone else dressed up, and it is really and truly hard to believe that it is Ethel or Maryann or James or Harry in that gorgeous garb. Surely it is a real princess come to visit that one night. Why, when the bat silently moves across the stage you can get a real shiver at its enormous size and awesome form.

We who look can see the touch of added respect in act and tone and almost forget that the dignified Chinaman coming down the center is only our own Joe. And who can imagine a daintier fairy than Peggy?

Many an audience has applauded and encouraged our children in the last forty Christmas Plays, but never an audience as enthusiastic or outspoken in its appreciation as the other children of the School. As they begin to recognize the children on the stage there are whispers and involuntary clapping of hands here and there in the audience. If you look closely you may see a suppressed smile or glance from one of the actors in the direction of the disturbance. But these disturbances are those of happiness, and the teacher or attendant, knowing the good feeling behind it, only utters a soft sh-sh-sh, and then turns again to the stage, as interested as the children.

The action moves along and the story begins to unfold. Unlike a book, where the reader is kept in ignorance of the end-

ing until the last chapter, the play shows its ending to the audience long before the actors are supposed to know it, and it is often hard for a youngster to keep from calling out a word of warning to the one who seems to be in danger of making a mistake.

The drills and marches are always a source of joy to both the actor and the watcher. There is music in keeping, bright lights and a rhythm that fills this sympathetic audience with delight.

The second night, after playing for the Institution children, the play is given to "the public." What a wonderful public it is. We can all be sure of seeing certain Vineland faces that have come year after year, that we know that only illness or the call of the Great Master will leave their places vacant. They see none of our faults of action. They overlook our stumbling words. They laugh and clap and praise unstintingly, and if you were behind the scenes between the acts you'd hear one child say to another, "Did you hear Mr. B——— laugh when I said that funny part?" for the children know most of their audience and watch their faces to see if they are pleased.

And when the curtain rings down on the last act, many of our "public" linger to say a word of appreciation to the different youngsters, who hurry out of their costumes and rush downstairs with their "stage paint" still on to meet the friends they have learned to know and to love.

Yes, it is well worth while to go through the long period of rehearsal to be seen by such a public.

While all of this is going on, other groups are decorating the cottages with greens and bright-colored papers—what a festive air a little red and green can give. The Colony has the advantage over the Institution in this, for it is right in the heart of the evergreens. Holly and mistletoe, laurel and pine, find their way into wreaths and ropes until at last there are no children's buildings that are not gorgeous in their Christmas colors.

And then come the Christmas trees. One for every cottage and a special one for the Hall. They are pretty enough in their plain green dress standing in the corner of the room. But every child is visualizing the tree after Santa has finished with it. No sooner is it set up to await his coming but they imagine the strings of colored balls, the flimsy pictures bound in tinsel, the gold and silver threads spread like a fairy mist

over branch and bough, the long strips of popcorn that seem to have no beginning and no end, icicles that never melt but look as though they must drop away.

Have you ever stopped to think what a wonderful faith it is that is built in a child's mind at Christmastime, and that even when knowledge comes, that faith is not destroyed but only becomes all the more beautiful because it has, all through life, fitted understanding so perfectly.

Believe in Santa Claus? Of course we do, every one of us. Have we not sat silent in the big assembly room listening for the first distant tinkle of his bells? Did we not hear the Director answer his call over the telephone that is set outside the stage curtain? Did we not hear one side of the conversation that said he would soon be here? And then we waited, patiently impatient, singing our Christmas songs.

Now someone calls "listen!" A sudden hush falls. We hardly breathe and our hearts seem as though they will beat their way out of our breasts. Far away is the least sound of a bell. Can it be true! Again it sounds nearer, clearer. It's so. Here he comes. There is a great tramping outside. The bells fairly shout his arrival and a roar of clapping and calling drowns even the sound of the bells as Santa himself, fat and laughing and jolly hurries out on the stage.

Believe in him?

There he is!

Then we sing for him and he tells us about getting here. He calls up the littlest ones and kisses them a Merry Christmas. He asks after the older boys and girls, and if anyone has any doubt as to his identity he marches up to the stage and shakes hands with him and finds that he is very real indeed.

Then he tells us that he has many places to go but sometime during the night he will get back with the presents. After a song or two away he goes and we strain our eyes out of the window to see if we can get a glimpse of his lights as he slips away. Truly it is something to dream about and we tumble into bed wondering if we'll ever get to sleep, and the next thing we know we hear the band. Sweet and clear on the frosty air it wakens us. "Silent Night" has hardly faded when the strains of "With Joy We Greet Thy Glad Return, O Happy Christmas Day" brings us to our feet and the great day is here.

Annual Report
Extension Department
1942 - 1943

HELEN F. HILL, *Director*
The Training School at Vineland New Jersey

The Extension Department has been affected by many changes that have occured in the Institution during the year. We have worked closely with Dr. Doll and the Research Department, since the two departments are in the same building, and have many overlapping problems. We shall miss our associations and Dr. Doll's counsel in many things. We miss especially Mr. Deacon and Mr. McIntire, both of whom were interested and helpful in our publications. We too have lost a valuable and interested friend in Mrs. McClure. She was always ready to help in any way that she could by giving us stories and anecdotes of the children and her spirit at Christmas was boundless. We will often need her cheerful assistance.

The March issue of the TRAINING SCHOOL BULLETIN was made a memorial for Dr. Meta Anderson and her work with retarded children through special education. The number was increased in size and contained contributions from eminent people in the field. Dr. Anderson began her work in her chosen field for which she was so ably fitted here at the Training School in our Summer School for Teachers. Someone has said that if all of our effort in conducting summer school had only succeeded in training Meta Anderson, it would have been very well worth while. We were gratified to have everyone we approached in connection with this memorial respond to our request. We are especially indebted to Dr. Elizabeth Kelly, Dr. Anderson's successor, for the biographical article which is in itself a history of special education.

We made a study of our Association and its members. This proved very interesting and was published in April. We hope that we may enroll a number of people, especially young people, in our Association during the year. We hope from time to time that various phases of the work of our Association may be elaborated upon such as, our growth in agriculture, the vari-

ous laws that have developed in New Jersey regulating the care of feeble-minded, the history of the medical and health development in the care of our children, a more complete history of the work of the Colony, the development of the heating system, and perhaps most important of all, the spiritual atmosphere of the School known as, The Spirit of Vineland. There is a great field of possibility in human interest stories. Dr. Doll's article on Gerontology, published in June, presented some new thoughts in the care of the older mentally deficient, and opened a subject on which more should be published.

Mrs. Nash's article on "Our Educational Procedures Interpreted" was one of the most comprehensive articles on education that Mrs. Nash has presented and has been most enthusiastically received and there continues to be many requests for reprints. This is very useful to send to parents who are asking for information relative to sending their children here.

During the year, we were fortunate in securing articles on the training of low-grade children. We feel that it might be well if these could be republished in monograph, since the vital part of all articles was *how results* had been attained. Two of these articles, one from Woodbine and one from the Vineland State School dealt with war time emergencies. We hope that these articles will be continued showing further results of these projects.

There have been fewer guests than usual of course, but parents and those interested in finding a suitable school for their children have found ways of getting here. We have all tried to make their visits worth while.

In June the American Association on Mental Deficiency held its meeting in New York. New Jersey was given commendation for the work of its Membership Committee of which I was chairman. The meeting in 1944 will be in Philadelphia. The same committee will need to put forth a greater effort, besides serving on the Committee for Arrangements.

The War Fund and Red Cross drives were carried on as usual, and again our people worked hard and gave generously. There are many outside demands, particularly at this time. Many of these naturally fall into the Extension Department. In all of the drives asking for increased amounts on account of the war activities we have each time gone over our goal.

The News Sheet and boys clubs are a means of service to the School and working intimately with the children. There is a lot of interest in gathering items for the News Sheet, and every month the children learn more about selecting and editing their notes. It is very exciting when a boy rushes in with a last-minute item to make sure the "press" is still open. We hope to make it possible for the children to do even more of the work connected with the issuing of the News Sheet.

A great deal might be said about all that goes on "after supper" in the cottage life. Our special interest is in the clubs. There is an appeal for all children in organized clubs. Here we are fortunate in having especially equipped clubrooms.

This year we have six clubs with an average of about twenty-five boys and our Boy Scouts, Troop 39. We have started a junior club made up of quite small boys making about 180 boys enrolled in our clubs. We are fortunate, we feel, in having most of our clubs sponsored by women who have volunteered for this service and there has developed an unusual interest among the children. The Santa Claus Club, which is unique in its make-up, is fortunate in having for its creator and sponsor Mr. Frietag who is able to help the boys carry on all kinds of projects in woodwork and painting, and the repair and improvement of furniture, and of special interest, in the rehabilitation of toys which is very important. These will go back to the children at Christmas "bright and shining, good as new." They even have a doll hospital and many a little girl will get back her old dolly in perfect health again. There is also an educational and social angle to this club. The work in the Christmas room will begin December 10th and we hope to make up in spirit and good cheer for many of the material things that will be difficult to get.

I have undertaken the collection and filing of all reprints that have been published by the Institution. This will make a valuable collection of all our material and will also present a good deal in the care and scientific study of the feeble-minded.

It was a great pleasure for us all to have Dr. Elizabeth Kite as our guest for a few days in September. Her reminiscences of the experiences she had in her work in connection with the research studies she made as our field worker are full of interest, and she has always been a good friend to many of

the families with whom she came in contact in their communities.

Miss Barker, who has been connected with the Extension Department for two and one half years, left to go to Florida on November 4th. She has been succeeded by Miss Catherine Botterill who was formerly employed in the Extension Department.

Kindergarten Lane *

Dear ——— ———:

Enclosed find a small check for the Christmas Fund. A little story is attached to it, which I would like to write to you.

We live on "Kindergarten Lane." This is not the official name of our street, but it is a neighborhood of so many children that it got this nickname. If there are not five toddlers on my back porch there will be certainly another. if not larger, group on my front porch. It is a constant parade of children ranging from three to twelve years old.

As Christmas time comes near, I was wondering if some of the mothers I know well would not like to contribute something to your fund. See—the problem children you deal with daily are not unknown to "Kindergarten Lane." The young couple on the corner had one a short while ago. The girl that lives across from me has a little daughter that can't join in the fun of the others, and there are more.

Encouraged by my husband's promise that he would match each quarter that I collected, I started out. And here is the result. None of us live in large houses, none of us have big purses—but it was given so gladly.

This is the gift from "Kindergarten Lane" to one of the Training School's inhabitants, wishing him or her a Merry Christmas.

Sincerely yours,

---

* This fine young mother of one of our little girls will create a "Kindergarten Lane" wherever she goes, with her great understanding and love for all little children.

Here and There at The Training School at Christmas

Every morning a bright-eyed little fellow runs on the tick of eight-thirty to the Christmas Room to be errand boy for Mrs. Santa Claus, as she is known. All morning, with a little basket on his arm, he hurries to and from the store and cottages taking important messages for Santa Claus. When asked if he is too tired to go again, he always smiles and says—"Sure, I am not too tired." But the thing that enthralls the grown-ups with whom he works is his attitude. He moves about among the piles of Christmas gifts and he sees these packages come on the store truck, and he hears them discussed among the workers.

When he is not busy he plays with a toy and sings, but in the midst of all this his faith in Santa Claus is the truest, most unwavering faith on earth. Santa Claus *will come* and he *will never fail* a little boy who walks along the Christmas trail, among many questioning signs, with a faith and a joy that makes many an older heart cry out for strength to keep a like faith in the great Prince of Peace.

Look Here

You look so glum today. What is the matter?

You say it doesn't feel like Christmas this year, all this fighting and all?

Look here, I will show you something. There is this room, once a bare cellar, now warm and bright. Some of the big boys come here to work on the children's toys each Monday evening.

Most of the toys are now gone, as you can observe. Only ends and odds remain because it is so close to Christmas and the finished ones have been wrapped with red and green, and they have been stacked and checked and are now ready for the children's believable enternal Santa Claus.

And yet don't you feel something in this room? For me it contains a kind, giving spirit even though the toys are almost all gone. The big boys call this their Hobby Shop and have a real club with meetings once a week and officers and minutes. They make new things from old pieces, from new parts. They repair dolls, wagons, clocks, mechanical animals. They read magazines and books for ideas. Most of all, they love it here and are genuinely successful with the work, so that this year, when toys in stores outside are few and poor and expensive, our big boys have provided the littler children with enough of them to make a happy Christmas.

There is a very wise and kind man who has filled this bare cellar and these big restless boys with the kind, giving spirit. He works here as a carpenter. You may recall, in understanding this man's good work, that He whose birthday we are about to celebrate was also a carpenter.

I have often told you that here in these boys and girls, big ones and little ones, you are able to see most frankly displayed at one time or other the best and the worst in human nature. You are looking now at the very essence of the very best. These big boys may say "Aw, Christmas is an awful bother"—but then their faces will glow as they pour the true joy and belief of their uncomplicated hearts into the shaping of a wagon's wheel, the polishing of a sled's runner.

It is hard to tell you about it with just clumsy English words. But I hope it makes you as happy as it does me, to see this kind, giving room and to know about the boys and the man who make it so.

What? Who, me?

As a matter of fact, you are looking better yourself.

Marianne Wasson

Dear Parents:

This afternoon I was at The Training School for a few hours and dropped into the Christmas room. I so wish I could see and talk with you about all I saw there. It is a huge room, full of light and astir with life. Everywhere were packages and boxes, and long work tables, covered with bright papers,

seals and ribbons. I was told "We never had so many lively wrappings from home as we did this year."

This room represents a democracy, for people of many interests are there. Off in one corner, the electric sewing machine whirred away, sewing on markers, under the direction of a research worker. At the long table a young man, new to the school, has in a few days learned that though there seemed to be no end, (all day and late in the evening), that this is no job, but an opportunity, and he is doing his work well. The Boys' Supervisor hurried in, took off his coat, and was at work in a minute. While I was there the Superintendent came in, and little errand boys flitted around with packages. One cheery mother told with pride, while she unwrapped a little boy's package, about the gift she had just received from her son. He is in Persia this year, you know. Yes, dear parents, your package for Jimmy was there. Maybe you felt when you finally had it ready to mail, that it was like shooting an arrow into the air this year but *your* package is a sacred trust. All that you put into it in love and dainty touches must be preserved, and your package for Johnny, and Freddie's from Arizona, and Tommy's from California, all tied and wrapped with their pretty tags, make a story that words do not seem to tell.

In the midst of all this, everybody stopped and had a cup of tea. One said—"Oh boy, I hope this tea will rest my feet," but she back at her work in a twinkle. More people would come in to lend a hand, all ready to do their bit to add to the spirit of Christmas.

You will all be interested to know that there has been lots of nice candy this year in the home packages and some real donations too.

It was a privilege to visit this Christmas room where the packages for the boys are taken care of and I was told there is an equally busy room in another section of the grounds where the girls' packages come. I wish it could have been you who had this opportunity today, but be sure you were part of that busy throng. Nothing has been spared to make your boy, or your little girl, feel that you are really with them at this happy season, and the joy that will be theirs when the packages are opened on Christmas morning will long be remembered by each one.